

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Thanksgiving.

T. C. Harbaugh in the Valley Register.

Amid the golden-tinted trees, amid the garnered grain,
To this glorious land of liberty Thanksgiving comes again;
The Nation hails its advent from the mountains to the sea,
And o'er it waves our Fathers' Flag—the banner of the free;
From the orange groves of Southland to the forests of the North,
The peans of a mighty race in gratitude go forth,
And we bless the Watchful Father, to whom we kneel and pray,
For the coming in the Autumn of the land's Thanksgiving Day.

Long ago the Pilgrim Fathers knelt amid the falling snow
And kept the first Thanksgiving that the land we love should know;
For the bounties of the harvest that their feeble hands had sown,
They thanked the kindly Father with a reverence all their own;
They heard the chill winds whistle thro' the gaunt New England trees,
They blessed Him for the little fleet that brought them o'er the seas,
With cheerful hearts and holy words, tho' very few were they,
They brightened every altar with the first Thanksgiving Day.

Adown the vanished vistas from those far New England homes,
To us, their children, rich in love the fair Thanksgiving comes;
The mellow skies of autumn and the frost-ed leaf and blade
Proclaim the season of the year when happiness is made;
When the fruit has all been gathered and the husbandman at rest,
Surrounded by the ones he loves, is made supremely blest;
Then upward from his grateful soul a sweet song slips away,
To complete the swelling chorus of our own Thanksgiving Day.

Hail the morning bright with promise! hail the day-dawn rich in love!
Hail America's Thanksgiving from the Father's home above!
Let each grateful heart be lifted in a hymn of holy glee.
Which shall echo, lessening never, from the highlands to the sea;
From the cottage and the mansion let the chorus seek the sky,
In the farm-house and the woodland let the pean never die;
We have builded grander, better, than our fathers dreamt, when they,
Amid the tempests long ago, first kept Thanksgiving Day.

In its beauty and its glory, in its splendor and its worth,
Thanksgiving comes, an aftermath, that clothes anew the earth;
It crowns with praise the harvest and ere its joys depart,
It plants the rose of gratitude in every human heart;
In the presence of the Giver from out whose hands doth fall
The sweet and varied blessings, rich in loving care for all,
Let the Nation chant the chorus, which the winds shall waft away
To every corner of the world this grand Thanksgiving Day.

Thro' the cornblades of November, gold-en-streamered, blow the wind;
The crystal rivers seek the sea nor leave a trace behind:
The flocks upon a thousand hills are clad in snowy fleece,
And cities crown with majesty our myriad hills of peace;
Thus blessed, the Land of Liberty with gratitude may ring,
And gathered millions everywhere the songs of love may sing;
Hail the morn our fathers gave us in the wildwood cold and gray,
And crown with joy their legacy, our own Thanksgiving Day!

One Thanksgiving

The magnet of spicy cooking pervaded the large kitchen of Mother Slusser, though no one in particular was near enough to be drawn thither. Melinda, the cat, slept tranquilly on the rug opposite the wood box, heedless of the unwonted orders, but enjoying the heat from the big cook-stove.

Mother Slusser had the big, warm room to herself. Also she had her own meditations, chiefly retrospective, however, rather than prospective, for which reason her hands rest-

ed now and again on the edge of the wooden chopping bowl that amply covered her lap.

"It can't be beat," she declared, her eyes on the rough, pea-green paint that covered the wall that just now seemed glowing with pictures quite incisable and wholly intangible to the ordinary sight. "It's enough to drive me crazy the way them precious babies pester me. If the good Lord saw fit to take them away, let him keep them with him, I say, where it is warm and safe. Instead o' that here they be, cunning and pert as ever, coming and vanishin' and teasing. Now there, shining out at me in their white, fairy dresses from the pea-green wall—most blue, 'tis—now here near by. Here they clutter and there they clutter, right under foot, or pressin' against my knees or else pullin' with angel hands at my sleeve, or at my heart-strings. Dear, dear. Four of 'em or five—I forget which 'twas—four, I guess—yes, four of 'em he took away to heaven and one he left with me. Four of 'em, my heart, do you hear me?"

Four rascal babies to always be slippin' out from t'other side of the lovely pearly gates and slidin' into my kitchen where I am, those little, little babies. One by one he took 'em, and there was not but just the one of 'em big enough to walk or talk. Four blessed babies always here and coaxin' me to be hugged and rocked and put to sleep, all teasin' me at once, Lord, they be, and couldn't they be managed better? For I'm that busy about my work that I don't know what to do. And sometimes they do put me to it, that's a fact, so that I'm real flustered, and I do wish t' bigger angels would shut them gates a leetle mite more as if they really meant to keep the babies from crowdin' through. I do get so tired of having things go on in this way!"

Footsteps approached the door, the weary, clumsy tread of a tired man, and presently Silas Slusser entered, a stooping, grey figure, the fringe of hair on his chin just touching the blue cotton shirt, and an air of thoughtful discontent shadowing his usually humorous face and eyes.

Silas lifted his soft felt hat with its gray band of faded ribbon and rubbed his head with two stubby fingers. "I ain't worryin'—that is not much, mother," he said, "but just the same the spring down to the barn has gone dry, plumb dry today, it is, just as I suspected it would do, for it has been getting lower and scantier for a week past, and there's no signs of its flushing up again. There must be a vein of water that's broke loose underground, somewhere, that's tapped that spring dry, so I was tryin' to find out where in the dickens it could be." He drew the witch hazel crotch from his pocket and regarded it with wholesome reproach. "It only inclined once, ma, and that," he announced, "was about ten rods from the old spring."

Mother paused. She was never dead sure when Silas was joking or when he was serious, but she looked at him now in genuine sympathy, an attitude she was prone to assume in his moments of distress or doubt. She felt safer in her thoughts this way.

"Land, Silas," she said, "don't you ever care for that. I presume to say that when I'm setting here thinking about the children I don't ever pretend to be partial about any one, whether it's Maurice, or Mary, or John, or little Si. I'm that interested in 'em all that I couldn't be partial to any one of 'em if I wanted to. I think of 'em as all livin' in heaven, all of them together, a little band of angels, mabbe playin' ring-around-the-rosy, or else crowdin' a chance in slip through. I can see 'em there through the shiny pickets watchin' their chances, Silas. But I can't seem to see 'em separated, either up there or down here whenever they chance to come slipping into the kitchen here."

Silas glanced furtively about as if in quest of these invisible forms of small people often mentioned before by Mother Slusser in affectionate retrospect.

"Well, Mother, he said, failing to find that any small folks were present and keeping his tones as even as he could, "what in Moses' name has that got to do with me findin' a

new spring of water for the cattle to take the place of one that's gone dry?"

"Why, Silas," Mother said, going over to him with the chopping bowl in her hands, "diggin' is diggin' ain't it? You don't think much about what 'tis makes you dig, whether it's water, or iron, or oil—not while you are diggin', now, do you, Silas?"

"Well, well," Silas, replied instantly contrite, "mebbe you're right, Ma, mebbe you're right. We won't quarrel about it seein' there's only two of us to the Slusser 'stablishment. We got to be friends, Ma. So-o, so-o. Yes, yes; as long as we live we got to be friends, and diggin' is diggin', sure enough. So, then, if you say the word, I'll go at it first thing in the morning, right where the stick pointed for fair, and we'll see what's to pay under. But I ain't expecting any great shakes of a spring because the test wa'n't strong enough to hold. I'll warrant I'll find the dirt all stained up with yellow spots of iron, or else there'll be some other bunco of a metal showing, that I ain't calclated on. Beats all how a man'll get fooled when he's working hard for something he wants and the unexpected always pops up. Ain't that so, Ma?" he added in his best coaxing manner.

His wife kept silence for a full minute, then replied irrelevantly.

"If Anson should happen to come home, Pa, for the holiday, the work would be lighter for you. It's real hard on you, diggin' is, whatever 'tis you want to uncover, to have to do it all alone. I should presume to say that if Anson was here—"

"Oh, I guess Anson ain't thinkin' of us, Ma," Silas interrupted with a sudden touch of bitterness, "he's given himself over to them combine fellows. There he's got cogs to catch ahold of him, and red tape to hold him, and anchors to weigh him, and yellor tailed bull-dogs, and horse collars, and cat-o'-nine-tails for to be trying, and such."

"You are always to hard on Anson, Silas," his wife protested, reaching for a white bowl that stood on the table behind her, and pouring the chopped raisins and citron into it. "Anson has sent us money regular every Christmas for five year, and we've needed it pretty nigh every time it came, too. But some way it always seems like dream money to me, coming out of what appears to be nowhere in particular. Anson seems that way, too—sort of myth-like and unreal, and misty. I ain't blamin' him for not coming home in seven years, but this stoppin' away sort of makes him out like he was up yonder with all the rest of the children. And I can never count just aright, first-off, whether there's four or five of 'em in heaven playin' ring-around-the-rosy. But when they come in here teasin' and beggin' to be rocked and nursed there's such a many I don't even try to count 'em. They're that coaxin' and misty and elusive and persistent—and me never able to put my hands on 'em!" Her voice broke at the last in spite of her.

"Well, well. So-o, so-o!" almost whispered Silas' soothing tones, then he cleared the huskiness of his voice away abruptly. "Well, ma, I presume Anson's good and substantial as far as that goes. I reckon he's good tallow and bones, all right, with plenty of red blood coursing about and cutting up mischief the way it always did. He ain't no smoke, or dream-stuff, not Anson, ma, I guess you'd find out if you could set eyes on him. But to go back to that pesky business of finding water for the cattle so't I won't have to fetch and lug their drink to them from the house. I rather think I'll go to diggin' in the morning, if the weather holds good, and the ground ain't too frosty, and like as not I'll discover what 'twas that made this here witchazel crotch double over and point straight down towards Chiny the way it did. It plumb looks superstitious to me, Ma, don't it to you?"

"I hope the weather does hold good," she said, reverting to the proposed work in the pasture.

"That is as it may be," Silas agreed. He was greatly rested now, and already felt confident of success, drawing both his comfort and his assurance from this brief chat in the kitchen with Mother.

The weather was crisp but bright the next morning when Silas, armed

with the switch-hazel crotch, and a pick and spade, started for the pasture. The cattle had been laboriously watered from the well near the house and Silas' shoulders still ached with the strain of carrying the heavily-laden buckets to the barnyard trough. This was an excellent reason why he should discover a new vein of water or a spring, as speedily as possible.

Once more he took out the witch-hazel crotch, wound an end about a thumb on each hand, and holding the stick carefully erect, paced off the ground as he had done the day previous. Intent as he was in a quest so important, one needing to be completed ere the winter set in in good earnest, he was not likely to notice that anything unusual was bearing down in his direction.

"Hello, pard, what in Sam Hill 're you up to, hey?" came a voice so close that Silas' hands fell with a jerk and the stick, this bared to the force of gravity, pointed shamelessly downward. Turning, he saw the bent and shambling figure of a wayfarer, whose grey-blue eyes were regarding him with jocose impertinence. A reddish beard, somewhat matted and unkempt, hid the lower part of his face, and his hat, of the Derby make, supporting several breaks in the crown, was pulled well over his forehead.

Silas readjusted his crotch and continued his explorations. It was not the first time that a hobo had crossed his pasture land, which was a crosscut from the public highway to the nearest railroad. He had a native hatred for that class, yet he also hated to show the man that his voice and manner were an affront to good breeding.

But ignorance or indifference being much in evidence with the newcomer, this gentle tolerance was not properly appreciated.

"I reckon that's the way you pious fellers say prayers on Thanksgiving mornin', ain't it?" the tramp asked taking a firm stand as though he might willingly become a piece of pasture statuary.

"Try it on yourself," Silas retorted over his shoulder, "you look like you needed some redeemin'!" The tramp emitted a husky chuckle, but showed no signs of continuing his journey. The sound irritated Silas more than did the familiar manner which the man exploited, but he resumed his work, keeping his eyes on the crotch, which here began to teeter and sway in a most promising manner. It slipped half way over, then down, and down, until it pointed straight to the close-cropped ground at its feet.

"Good," said the tramp observantly, rubbing his hands in anticipation, "after prayers, baptism; and we'll need the water. I can just about see that water comin' up bubblin' for my special benefit."

Silas was all the more angry at this token of irreverence for things sacred. With an impatient hitch at his trousers he paused, still with his back to the visitor, and gave back a caustic:

"You'll need a-plenty of soap, too, to git the bugs off ye."

At this the tramp subsided instantly. Silas had no idea that his sharp thrust would be so effective on what was apparently calloused material. He turned in mild wonder only to see the object of his scorn sitting flatly on the cold turf, his old Derby fallen beside him, thus disclosing a head well trimmed; and that offending chuckle was of such stuff that a guffaw of instant growth came out of it—a laugh that set the echoes to clapping from the various farm buildings both near and remote, seeming to rebound over and over the nearby hillside, then return from the strip of forest beyond the bottomlands that bordered the river, a half mile or so away—sounds that trailed to and fro through the crisp air like the voice of mocking gnomes.

Silas regards the tramp with vague suspicion. A dread of insanity obsessed him. Then a shrewd scrutiny quickly commingled in his mind, and sight. With an inspiration both strange, and irresistible, he strode over to the spot, grasping the pick in both hands. Goaded by the man's ringing laughter that respected neither the dignity of religion nor of landed ownership, he deftly caught the cold, thin point of the pick in the man's reddish beard, which came away without resistance,

leaving a clean-shaven, clean-cut face most painfully convulsed with laughter, in the place of it.

"Anson, by Jericho!" Silas said, himself beginning to shake with quick emotion. The man, still bare-headed, got to his feet, straightened himself and his face, and held out both hands as he knew a prodigal son properly should do.

"Father it was a poor joke, but I hope to be forgiven, for I trust I am not as bad as I painted myself. How is Mother?" he said, while they gripped and looked soberly, almost reverently, one at the other.

"She's got the same old rascal of a son that she had as many as twenty year ago, when he was a boy and first went away from home," he exclaimed. "Can't see as he's improved a mite as fur as behavior goes, or looks either, by Jinks. Where'n the old grey cat did you get yer make-up? Well, well, so-o, so-o! Come along up the house and we'll see if Ma can recognize such a scalawag as you are. What? Another hat? Well, I'm blessed if you don't look pretty nigh respectable in that one. Come right on up to the house so's not to keep Ma waitin', for I ain't sure but some birds or other's let on to her you're here. Ma's mighty keen on tracin' up her children I tell you."

Anson adjusted the hat that he unfolded after taking it from his pocket then paused to look around at the familiar scenes of his boyhood. "Has the old spring gone dry, father?" he asked.

Silas gave a nonchalant assent, for the spring was a matter that did not now greatly concern him, having found a greater miracle on his premises in the person of a renegade son.

"Ma," he cried, stamping into the kitchen a few moments later. "It does beat all who's come—bet ye can't guess, Mr. Bet, ye won't know him from Adam."

"It's Anson Slusser. Anson! Anson!" Mother half gasped, bending forth from her cooking as if averted by a sudden and hitherto undreamed-of revelation.

"Ma," he cried, stamping into the kitchen a few moments later. "It does beat all who's come—bet ye can't guess, Mr. Bet, ye won't know him from Adam."

"Yep," cut in her husband with youthful abandon, "flesh-and-blood Anson, Ma, so need 'o your classin' him with them celestials any more. He's a sight too bad, anyway, to git in there with the rest of them. He actually fooled his old pa, and talked scandalous too. But he wants some pumpkin pie, though, and mebbe that'll clarify his sins 'nough so't we can associate with him. Hope so. Pie suits most tramps I guess, don't it, Anson?"

"Speaking seriously," said Anson, when the three had calmed down somewhat, "there's that dried-up spring. The thought of it is enough to spoil our holiday jubilee, for I know you can never stand the work of watering the stock from the house-well, father. So what do you say to my putting in some modern machinery? I'll have a man here to look over the ground and find a site for a windmill, a good big one, mind you, and we'll fix things up here in shipshape style. We can pipe the house for water as well as the barn and light both places by the same power. How does that suit you?"

"That," said his father, greatly mystified, "is impossible."

Anson laughed. "I'll show you," he said, and, while Mother, in a bewildering maze of happiness, hurried the Thanksgiving dinner forward, the two men studied newest methods and plans for the future benefit of the old farmstead.

"And, Ma," said Silas, when he began to understand something of the main project, "it does beat all creation how the unexpected is bound to turn up. I went studyin' and diggin' for water and what'd I find? I found a hobo. And when I was fer pitchin' into the hobo with my pick-axe to git the wickedness out of him, I found Anson. And now Anson's showin' us more about water than your philosophy or my witch-cattery ever dreamed of. I can't sense the mystery of the unexpected, nohow, Ma."

Mother's face beamed a benediction on both of the men, who seemed magically drawn to her for commendation as well as for comfort. "There, Silas, I wouldn't try, if I was you," was all she said.

Eighty-seven in every hundred Canadian farmers own their farms,

Joe's Thanksgiving.

Joe Gordon was a manly fellow, willing and obliging, a general favorite, and could beat all the boys in school, whether they tried to jump, run, climb, skate, swim or compete for a prize, although he never seemed to try to outdo the others. He was so persevering and earnest in whatever he undertook, that he could not help succeeding. The boys were never envious or jealous, neither did they begrudge him the prizes that he so richly merited.

Joe never bragged over his victories, but said:

"I hope every one of you will win a prize some time."

Sincere was the sorrow of all his schoolmates, when Joe was thrown from a horse, cheering a political parade before election, and his spine so severely hurt that the doctor told him:

"You will never walk again, Joe."

This was a terrible blow to a boy who had always been strong and healthy; but Joe was brave and said: "I can study on my bed, and perhaps Professor Cook will come and hear me recite occasionally, and maybe I will amount to something if I cannot walk."

The boys pitied him because he was an orphan. But Joe was too young, when his parents died, to realize his loss. He lived with his grandmother, who almost idolized him; and very happy were they together.

"Grandma Gordon," as all the children called her, was a sincere Christian, fully believing in God's promises. She had taught Joe to do as she had done: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," and have faith that "all things shall be added."

Joe used to amuse his grandmother building air castles, for he expected some day to be a rich man, and give her the best that this world afforded. But, alas! all was now changed, yet Joe never murmured or complained, saying: "God can take care of grandma, if I can't. Who knows but I may do something yet?"

The boys visited him frequently, and Joe's room was the centre for all meetings of importance; and all their questions were taken for Joe's opinion, and usually the boys would abide by his decision. When the doctor gave Joe permission "to sit up an hour or two every day," Joe said:

"Better not, doctor, because I can't help myself much and grandma is not strong. I don't mind lying in bed, only sometimes I long to look out of the window and see the flowers. I can see the tops of the trees from here, yet I would love to whistle to the birds as I used to do when I could walk," and Joe turned his face to the wall to conceal the tears he could not control.

Doctor Gray's voice was husky and tremulous when he said:

"Joe, I will help you up now, for it is almost three o'clock, and some of the boys will call after school, and can help you back to bed."

The old rocking chair hurt Joe's back, but grandma put her only pillow down behind the sufferer; with his feet supported by a foot-rest loaned by a neighbor, he was comfortable, and enjoyed the view up and down the street. He also had occasional bows from passers, yet he was ready to lie down when the boys came, and told them "the bed is the best place after all."

The boys soon organized a "Relief Corps," and each day two boys helped Joe up; and two others assisted him back to bed, varying the hours to suit his wishes or physical condition.

On Thanksgiving Day a "Harvest Home" celebration was to be held in the church just opposite Joe's home. The boys said: "There will be no school Thursday, so we will come and help you to the window in time to see the people go to church, and enjoy the procession which the members of the Sunday School are to form, each child to carry fruit or flowers, grains or vegetables. All of which will be added to the supplies taken to the church the day before. After the service it will be given to the congregation."

Joe was ready bright and early Thanksgiving morning. Ted Ashley carried him, and noticing a portrait asked: "Who is it?"

"My grandfather," said grandma Gordon, "a soldier of the War of 1812." A knock interrupted their

conversation and when grandma called, "Come," in rushed fifteen boys loaded with baskets and bundles, pitchers and pails, which Johnnie Dows tried to explain. As he always stuttered when he was excited, the others had to come to his assistance. Ted danced for joy at the success of his little game, for he suggested the idea of going ahead to divert "Grandma Gordon" from her accustomed seat at the window, where she sat and read her Bible, while knitting for the boys who were so good to Joe. They said:

"Joe, we have brought you and Grandma Gordon your Thanksgiving dinner."

Before the two could recover from their surprise, the boys started for the door.

"Oh, boys, don't go," said Joe, but they all disappeared and presently returned, carrying a wheeled reclining chair, saying:

"Joe, this is for you."

Joe was speechless, but his grandma exclaimed:

"Thank the Lord for this, Joe."

It is just what I have wished for ever since you were able to sit up."

Joe broke down when he tried to thank the boys, and burying his face in the pillow cried for joy. The boys had not expected such a reception of their gifts, and some looked out of the windows to conceal their emotion.

Dan Comstock, having sufficient self-control to talk, began explaining how the chair worked. He showed Joe how to touch the springs that would make it into a bed if he wished, and told him, "the boys earned it all themselves." They soon recovered their composure, and one said that as soon as he was strong enough, they would wheel him across the street to church and Bible class. Another said that every pleasant day some of them would roll him out on the street. Dick Trowbridge told him:

In the spring you can sit in your chair on the play-ground at school, and watch all the games."

"Yes," said Ned Morgan, "you can act as umpire for baseball or scorer for tennis." Tom Porter interrupted them by calling out: Hurry up, boys, or we shall be too late for the procession, and we shall all want to see Joe at the window and give him three cheers, just before we cross over to the church."

They tenderly lifted him into the new chair, and wheeled him over to the front window, Joe exclaiming: "Oh! how comfortable. Oh boys, it is just splendid!"

The easy spring and soft cushions were delightful to poor Joe's suffering body, and as he laid back, with such a happy light in the brown eyes, his pale cheeks resting against the crimson upholstery, his proud grandmother said: "It is real becoming to you, Joe, and I am very glad you have it." Joe said:

"Boys, I can't thank you as I want to, words sound so empty; but I have not been so happy since I was hurt, and never I had such a glorious Thanksgiving!"—The Young Disciple.

Catholic Church Notices.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street—Instruction and Services in the College Hall, at 3:30 P. M., on the first and third Sunday of the month.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A. M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A. M.

BROOKLYN.—Knights of Columbus Hall, Hanson Place and South Portland Avenue.—Religious Instruction at 3:30 P. M., on the fourth Sunday of the month.

Under the direction of Rev. M. R. MCCARTHEY, S. J.

The Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf.

Religious services of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf, held every Friday evening, at the Temple Emanu-El, 43d Street and 6th Ave.

BROOKLYN BRANCH.

Services at the Temple, Putnam Avenue, between Reid and Stuyvesant, every Sunday afternoon at 3 P. M. All are welcome.

REV. DR. B. A. ELIAS,
Minister.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 160d Street and Ft. Washington Ave.) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-bulldozing sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

We Give Thee Thanks.

We thank Thee, O Father for all that is bright—
The gleam of the day and the stars of the night;
The flowers of youth and the fruits of our prime,
And blessings that march down the pathway of time.

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is dear—
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear;
For never in blindness, and never in vain;
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank thee, O Father of all, for the power,
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour;
The generous heart, and the bountiful hand,
And all the soul-help that sad souls understand.

We thank thee, O Father, for days still to be—
For hopes that our future will call us to thee;
For all our eternity form, through Thy love,
One Thanksgiving Day in the mansions above.

—Will Carleton in the Westminster.

THE VOLTA BUREAU, 1601 35th Street, Washington, D. C., has learned with regret of a collection of old periodicals devoted to the interests of the deaf, that were burned because of lack of room for storing them. Thus it takes this means to call attention to its library facilities, open free of charge to all earnest students engaged in research work, and to urgently request that owners of files of old periodicals and pamphlets published in the interests of the deaf, and of old reports of schools for the deaf, who no longer have use for same, send them to the Volta Bureau, where the gift will be duly recorded in the archives and serve to keep green the memory of the thoughtful donor in the years to come.

Cleveland in 1913.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Kindly allow me to make an answer to the article, entitled, "Postponement Asked," by P. E. Seeley, in your last issue.

Convention of N. A. D. is going to be held in Cleveland, O., in the summer of 1913, and will be held there, too! There is no place now for a postponement to be discussed. The local committee has been organized and are doing their work now. The letterheads have been made up for the committee, and the entertainment committee is already at work getting up a good programme. Several months ago when the place of convention was being discussed, was the time to discuss a postponement to 1914, but at the present time, I guess not!

The local committee is co-operating with the State committee just organized, as the convention in 1913 depends upon both State and local aid.

Mr. Seeley says, "I hardly think the west will be very well represented at Cleveland in 1913, the instructors convention and Gallaudet Alumni gathering being better drawing cards."

That may be so, but Cleveland has always held the "Joker" card, and will be able to beat the two.

What does the convention of 1913 concern the west so much as to expect a very "well represented" body from that section? Surely there ought to be a lot from there to represent that section. As Cleveland is east of the Mississippi River, and anybody coming to the convention from the east of Mississippi River, and still west of Cleveland can be entitled to "A solid West."

Yours for Convention in Cleveland and at no other time than 1913.

K. B. AYERS,
Acting Chairman.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

The first of the Faculty lectures for this Collegiate year was rendered in the chapel, Friday evening, November 5th, by Miss Peet. The title was "William the Silent." The lecturer revealed many new and surprising facts to us, of that noble hero of the Netherlands, the Prince of Orange; facts and fancies that we had failed to find in our previous study of history. The whole lecture was not only very instructive, but interesting and enjoyable throughout. From the closing words of Miss Peet, quoted from the historian Motley, "that when he (the Prince of Orange) died, the little children wept, in the streets," we can get a fair idea of the altogether noble and magnanimous "William the Silent."

At the conclusion of the lecture the usual enjoyable social hour was held.

Once upon a time not long ago some one wrote down some where that the "Rats" after acquiring the new abbreviation in place of the waddling one of "Ducks" showed signs of living up true to the name. Well, its no signs they show now; it's apparent to the least observant. Nowadays no one sees them except when they bob out to get some grub, and the Reading Room Committee is going to think seriously about the large number of magazines that absent themselves from said room promptly after the evening supper hour. Those of the first annum class that had any verbosity have ceased all of a sudden to exercise it, and those that didn't have any at all seem to have preferred to absence their presence, ditto. We, nevertheless, cheerfully hope that they will find themselves again before long.

By the way there was a riddle propounded at the conclusion of the Halloween masquerade, worthy of publication, to wit—

Q.—What's the difference twixt Fancher, '15, and a barrel of cider?
A.—The barrel of cider is half-full, while Frederic George (that's Fancher) is three-quarters stopped up.

One of the most successful social events of the year so far, was the party held at the farm house, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Drake, formerly of the Kappa Gamma Fraternity, Saturday evening. Each brother had a partner in one of the Co-eds, and several of the Faculty and alumni brothers were present. Much merriment was displayed in the nature of the games that were indulged in; almost every one being a contrivance with the use of picture skulls and cross-bones. Prizes were awarded. Jokes and good-fellowship went round, until the minologue and the horologue on the chapel tower clock, then invisible except by the rays of the crescent moon then shining, pointed out that it was time to leave. Then amidst toasts to all present, and a final good-night toast to Vishnu, the patron-saint of the Kappa Gamma, the gay throng wended its way home, the way being altogether too short, carrying with them many pleasant memories for many moons to come.

"Grand-pop" Clesson, '13, has at last bloomed out, after all these weary years of gray suspicions, doubts and dim visions of the future, that he has fostered for so long. The blossom this time is the Championship of the Foot Ball Dance Committee. The ovation that followed, when he dared the place of vantage for the first time in the refectory the other day, should stimulate this silent one to many a worthy effort. The dance in honor of the gridiron warriors will be given during the Thanksgiving holidays.

ATHLETICS.

The football game that was to be played with the Mt. Washington Club, of Baltimore, here at Kendall Green, Saturday, was cancelled by Coach Crafts and Manager Lapides. The Mt. Washington management had been asking for a cancellation, but it was not until the ones in authority here found that it was to our benefit too that the game was called off. The reasons given out by the management here were that the players were not in good enough condition, and that the expense saved would be about the only way to remunerate Coach Crafts for the expense he has accounted in his duties here. Lack of funds is a very old reason here for many such happenings prior to this date, and is to be much regretted. It is surely time now that a new and sure way to acquire more and sufficient funds should be devised for the Athletic Association. So many ways have been tried in the past without any or only temporarily success; that one way, strongly though rarely referred to should be tried; and that way an appropriation of some sort from Congress for the Athletic Association here. The Football team has usually managed to come through alright, but any one who has been here, at least in recent years, knows only too well the various devices and pains taken to go through with other teams.

The last football game of the season will be played at Baltimore with Johns Hopkins University, Saturday, the 23d. Although the Faculty have ruled down a proposed excursion of the male students and the Co-eds there, because of the many inconveniences of such a trip; yet many who can will go, to cheer our boys on to victory.

Manager Lawrence Earle Johnson, '14, of the Basket Ball team, announces the following attractive schedule for the season:—

- Dec. 7—Catholic University, at Kendall Green.
14—St. John College, at Annapolis.
18—George Washington University, at Kendall Green.
Jan. 4—Loyola College, at Baltimore.
11—University of Virginia, at Charlottesville.
18—Baltimore City College, at Kendall Green.
22—Maryland Agricultural College, at Kendall Green. (Pending.)
Feb. 1—George Washington University, at Kendall Green.
8—Catholic University, at Brookland.
15—Baltimore City College, at Baltimore.
22—Mt. St. Joseph's College, at Kendall Green.

The Basket Ball squad, under Capt. Dorian, '14, will get busy just as soon as the football season is over, and then ye scribe will try to speculate on the outcome.

T. H. '13.

EAST WING.

The Jollity Club will render a play "The School-Mistress," on the Wednesday evening of the Thanksgiving holidays. Those chosen by the Committee on Play are bustling on the stage daily to make the play a success.

The Co-eds seem to have taken a fancy to black of late. Miss Herrington, '16, is the latest, being surprised with a pretty black voile dress from home.

Miss Northrop entertained Table C to a little supper Friday night, at the conclusion of the Faculty lecture, given by Miss Peet.

Appropos of their nature, the girls have all engaged their evenings during the holidays. Some are expecting friends from outside.

A club formed, called Club A, is thinking of acquiring a motor-cycle chair or some such machinery, since the number of motor-cycles that are popping up on the West Wing are increasing so rapidly.

It is a common knowledge that one forgets his or her friends, but the memory of emity lingers. Such is the case with Miss Rosenstein, '14, whose remembrance of Mr. Forse, who was here a couple of years ago, is that he owes her a dime, or is it the other way, Rosy?

Not to be outdone, those Co-eds who did not attend the Frat. party Saturday night, chaperoned by Miss Burns, '13, and Lee, Normal, went to the movies at the "Dixie."

A Linen Shower in Pittsburgh.

On October 19th, 1912, a beautiful Linen Shower in charge of Mrs. Fritzges, Miss Dietrich, and Miss Clark, was tendered to a bride-to-be, Miss Bertha Jackson, who who was to be married in the next four days, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Fritzges, from 2 to 5 o'clock P.M.

Each invited one brought one or two linen presents, which exceeded a full twenty, according to the number of the persons, who were Mrs. Fritzges, Mrs. Chestnut, Mrs. Rolshouse, Mrs. Roessler, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Farke, Mrs. Wm. Friend, Mrs. Conway, Mrs. Gorman, and Mrs. Danver, Miss Dietrich, Miss Clark, Miss Campbell, Miss Pfeiffer, Miss Aiken, and Misses Thirna and Euna Boyd, and the absent ones, being invited, were: Mrs. Shull, Mrs. Zeber and Mrs. Callahan, and Miss Wagner and Miss Falek.

On arriving at the place, the ladies found the bride-to-be there, gowned in a beautiful white with such a happy smile ready to receive them. Congratulations and good wishes being bestowed upon her, the ladies put the presents in a pile on a stand, and soon Miss Jackson sat near it, and the rest in a semicircle. The hostess, Mrs. Fritzges, introduced this happy girl to the ladies, making a neat address, and then Miss Jackson gave one of thanks for their remembrance.

The speech was touching and very beautiful. All the ladies responded to it, after which they were led by the hostess into the attractive dining-room, where they had some dainty refreshments, such as brick ice-cream, two different kinds of cake, and hot coffee. A happy conversation followed, and they had forgotten about the time for them to go home, and it was past after 5 o'clock when they departed. All departed with heartfelt wishes for Miss Jackson's happiness in her married life, and sorrows for her going away from her many friends in Pittsburgh, never to come back and associate with them any more.

Several London churches receive incomes of \$7,000 to \$10,000 from pew rents.

FANWOOD.

Founder's Day, November 19th, so called in honor of Harvey Prindle Peet, LL.D., the founder of this Institution, and the men and women who have labored so much during their lives for its welfare, was fittingly celebrated by both pupils and teachers.

The day was also made memorable by reason of the annual competition for the honor of carrying for the stars and stripes for the forthcoming year.

During the morning the battalion continued its regular morning practice, so as to be in perfect condition for the afternoon competition.

At a little past nine o'clock the entire assemblage of pupils was brought to attention before Principal Currier in the chapel. Appropriate exercises in connection with the one hundred and eighteenth anniversary of Dr. Harvey Prindle Peet were held by the pupils and teachers.

After the salute to the colors, the Lord's Prayer was recited orally by pupils and teachers standing. Mr. Currier opened the exercises by explaining the causes that were responsible for the gathering. Of the many who ever knew Dr. Peet only two remain—Principal Currier and Prof. Jones.

Principal Currier spoke about the life of Rev. John W. Stanford. He described his first meeting with Dr. H. P. Peet and told of a few incidents of his life. The exercises were then conducted by the pupils and teachers from a program that had been prepared for the occasion.

Upon Principal Currier's request the first number on the program, a recitation on Dr. Peet by little Allen Cattanch, was given. Each pupil upon mounting the platform related what they knew of the eminent gentleman and the pioneer instructors of this Institution. Some told of their experiences in the Mansion House, or related a humorous tale of Dr. Peet, besides giving creditable stories and addresses on the lives of Miss Meigs, Jacob Van Nostrand, Miss Rice, and the work of Charles W. Van Tassel.

In the signs for which he is noted, Prof. Jones vividly portrayed the educational hardships of the early days, and Dr. Peet's efforts to better the condition of the deaf. Dr. Fox, besides paying a tribute to Dr. Peet, spoke about the many worthy teachers of this Institution during Dr. Peet's administration.

Mr. Chatterjee, principal of the Calcutta, India, School for the Deaf, was an interested visitor during the exercises, and made a short address in which he stated that it was a great pleasure for him to be with us during the day.

During the intermission between the various presentations, the band furnished the audience with music. A few of the selections rendered were:—Old Kentucky Home, Old Hundred, Auld Lang Syne, Double Eagle, 22d Regiment March, Onward, Christian Soldiers, My Maryland.

At eleven-thirty o'clock all stood at attention at the retreat of the colors. The pupils then filed out of the chapel with a lively march by the band. It was a pleasant and instructive celebration.

In the afternoon of Founder's Day there was no school. After dinner those belonging to the battalion and band donned their brand new uniforms. The companies then took their places in front of their gun cases where the first sergeants distributed the white belts and gloves and other necessary equipment.

While waiting for the first call to sound, the cadets collected in groups and discussed the probable outcome of the competition.

At three o'clock, upon the arrival of the judges, Major Foster of the 12th Infantry, N. G. N. Y., Dr. G. M. D. Muren, Surgeon 1st Field Hospital, N. G. N. Y., Lieut. F. A. De Peyster, 12th Infantry, N. G. N. Y., Lieuts. C. M. Haley, W. E. Cole and H. Clark, 9th Coast Artillery, N. G. N. Y., who were escorted into the study room by Principal Currier, the first call sounded and was soon followed by the assembly.

The companies then led by their first sergeants filed out on the parade ground in two where the report of the respective companies was given to their captains.

The usual battalion parade and review was gone through, with the judges as reviewers.

The Butts' Rifle Drill followed the evening parade, and the judges took great interest as the Cadets kept in perfect time with the music furnished by our band.

The judges decided to test the companies one at a time, and accordingly Company "A" was given first turn. Captain Kadel's fingers spelled "Right by squads, March!" and then his company swung into four and went through all the known military manoeuvres.

At the command of the judges, Company "A" returned to its place and "B" took the field. These cadets are under the command of Captain Goldberg, and they put up one of the best showings that has been made for years since Captain's Nimmo and Brauer last commanded this same company.

The little tots of Company "C" then came forward to be tried. They marched excellently, and it seemed as if the gawks of Company A were being beaten. Last year the "kiddies" were deficient in right and left front into line, but under the careful captaincy of Lux, they have greatly improved.

While the competition was going on, the band and fife and drum corps rendered melodious music. During the morning the brass and silver instruments were turned over to the polishers and when returned they looked like new. The band was led under the careful guidance of Principal Musician Michael Mehling.

After the competition the battalion stood at attention while the judges gave their decision through Principal Currier. It was announced that the contest was rather close. Company C performed the various evolutions in such perfect style that they were awarded the competition. Company A was nearly even in points with B, who gained second honors.

The colors were then brought forward and the winning company passed in review before the whole battalion, while it stood at present arms. Captain Lux then appointed two color guards, and the company returned to its new place between A and B. Major Foster highly recommended the cadets for the excellent showing they made. The military program of the day then came to an end at about 4:45 o'clock.

In the evening at eight o'clock, the members of the Protean Society and their partners enjoyed their annual Oyster Party. The young couples filed downstairs to the officers' dining room, where a dainty, appetizing and liberal collation, consisting of oyster soup, crackers, pickles, and ice-cream was served. All were given as much as they could eat, and a few quarts of oysters and ice-cream were consumed in less time than it takes to give a lecture. After the delightful supper, they went up to the main hall where they danced until ten o'clock. When the dancing was over the girls were invited to the Protean Society Room with Principal Currier, to see how beautifully the cadets decorated their room. The decorations this year were far better than any year of the past.

During the evening Principal Currier, Mrs. Currier, Major Van Tassel, Mrs. Van Tassel, and the matron, Miss Muirhead, were on hand to see that everything moved along smoothly, and they made things hum by their activity and cheerful service. The pupils then said good-night to Principal Currier and his assistants and departed for the land of Morpheus.

At a recent meeting of the Protean Society for the month of November, the following probationers were admitted as full fledged members:—

Captain Lux, Chief Musician
Cammann, Color-Sergeant Gallagher,
Band Sergeant Kramer and First Sergeant Groot.

FIGHTING THE POLAR ICE.

The seventh public lecture was delivered last Thursday evening, November 14th, by Mr. Anthony Fiala, on "Fighting the Polar Ice." The story of the Ziegler Expedition of 1903-05 by its commander, illustrated by stereopticon views, proved to be the most interesting of the series of public lectures yet delivered in the chapel of the Institution.

Three questions that people are constantly asked explorers after they return from polar expeditions are: 1st—How far north were you? 2nd—What food did you eat? 3rd—What good was the expedition?

In order to make a trip to the Arctic regions, a person, or rather party, must carry an abundant supply of food for self and dogs and a number of instruments to plough the ice. Twelve esquimaux dogs are harnessed to one sled, and each set consumes twelve pounds of meat a day, so that in one hundred days, one dog team would eat 1,200 pounds of meat.

The Ziegler expedition fitted out at a fort in Norway, and through the benevolence of Mr. William Ziegler (a photograph of him was thrown on the screen), a wealthy resident of this city, Captain Fiala and the members of his party were provided with equipment for the polar search. His ship named the "Fram" was a steam whaler, which carried everything that was needed for the trip.

After spending a short time in Tromsø, the ship with 185 dogs and a number of ponies set sail for the North Pole on July 30. The ship was full of provisions.

Sailing northward they met a ship enroute to Norway, and gave it a sack of mail, as it would be a long time before they could send mail home again.

A slide illustrating the huge blocks of ice to be found in the open sea was shown on the screen. The ship had to plough through the ice, and meanwhile the men captured a giant polar bear and hung it on the ship by its neck. Going through the ice the ship followed a pillar of clouds.

At last they see land again, but it is impossible for the men to get

off the ship as they were all imprisoned in the ice. The land they see is Cape Nansen and Cape Florence. Later on they sail near another Cape and hear thousands of Arctic birds chirping.

The trip through the channel, as the lecturer stated, was very disastrous. The ship was delayed for a long while, because it was impossible for the crew to break the ice. After a desperate struggle with ice, the ship continued on her way to the pole, but soon stopped and anchored for the winter. The horses and dogs were allowed to land, and they played on the ice and seemed to be very happy.

After two months of "Robinson Crusoeing," they discovered a cabin. Thirty-nine men must live in this house made for ten men. In the house we see an instrument used in the Arctic regions to determine time and location.

On November 10th, the party saw light for the last time in six months. A photograph of the midnight sun was later thrown on the screen. Mr. Fiala took a few photographs of the party showing them observing Christmas—they had plenty of bear meat and ice-cream, walrus meat was to them like auto tires looked. We see another view of the men sewing patches on their clothing, and the boiler room in the ship.

Six months later, when the sun came again, they continued on their march to the pole. They suffered hardship from the severity of the weather and from the storms that arose during the trip.

The men soon became discouraged and many of them wanted to return home, while others wanted to continue the trip, but they all had to remain in the cold regions for one more winter.

The ship then sailed through Franz Josef Archipelago. Three times the men tried to cross the channel, but were unsuccessful.

One day while a party was marching across the ice one of the men fell into a crevasse, 100 feet deep.

Ropes were used to haul the man out to safety.

During the trip one man died and a few others became sick. The dead man was buried in the polar regions and a cross was raised over his icy grave. The men placed no great dependence on their ponies. Like Amundsen, Captain Fiala and his comrades had no faith in them, they preferred dogs.

As their food was becoming scarce, they shot a walrus and ate it. When the men reached the ship they danced with joy. They now had to return home, as many of the men were in bad health.

The men asked the captain of the relief ship the news of the world, and now after three years absence the men all received letters from home. The farthest point north that they reached when the trip came to an end, was 86½ degrees.

The lecture came to an end at 9:30 o'clock. Throughout the lecture Prof. Bjorlee interpreted the lecturer's remarks into the sign-language. His signs and spelling were very distinct.

With the close of the base-ball season basket-ball now reigns supreme at Fanwood. Last Saturday afternoon two basket-ball games were played in the gymnasium, the first against the Holyname St. Rose Five, and the second against the Broadway A. C. quintet. The Broadway boys surprised us by bringing over a basket-ball team, as we never thought they had a team that could encounter with our sturdy basket-ball aspirants. Following is the score of the first game with the Holyname St. Rose Five, which was won by our boys, by the score of 22 to 4.

FANWOOD	Pos.	HOLYNAME ST. ROSE
Nimmo	r. f.	Hicky
Tabachnick	i. f.	Dumale
Drake	c.	Erickson
Rubin J.	r. g.	McDonald
Sabella	i. g.	Hanley

Summaries: Goals from field—Fanwood, Drake 7, Tabachnick 4; Holyname St. Rose, Dumale 1, Hanley 1. Referee—J. Levy, of Fanwood. Time of halves—Fifteen minutes each. Scorer—J. Axler.

In the second game the Broadway boys were overwhelmed by the score of 16 to 6. Despite the fact that our boys have had no practice since the basketball campaign opened this week, yet they played brilliantly. No game was scheduled to be played against the boys hailing from the vicinity of this Institution, but as they were desirous of showing us that they could play basketball as well as any of our boys could, a team was immediately organized to challenge the combination. The score:—

FANWOOD	Pos.	BROADWAY A. C.
Nimmo	r. f.	Haggerty
Tabachnick	i. f.	Peyton
Drake	c.	Thomas
Rubin J.	r. g.	Simpson
Sabella	i. g.	O'Brien

Summaries: Goals from field—Fanwood, Drake 5, Nimmo 2, Tabachnick 1; Broadway A. C., Peyton 3. Time of halves fifteen minutes each. Referee—J. Levy of Fanwood. Scorer—J. Axler.

Last Saturday afternoon some one hundred and fifty of the younger girls and boys attended the 28th Annual Horse Show, at Madison Square Garden, as guests of Alfred G. Vanderbilt, President of the Horse Show Association and a multi-millionaire of this city. The garden was transformed with Japanese decorations and looked very beautiful. Each pupil was presented with a miniature horse and carriage containing two small boxes of Huyler's

candies, just before they passed out of the garden at the conclusion of the show.

The members of the Fanwood Literary Association were treated to a lecture last Saturday evening by Dr. Thomas F. Fox, II, theme was an up-to-date subject of educational interest entitled "The War in the Balkans." Dr. Fox went far back into history and spoke about the early Turks who were conquering a great part of Europe. He then gave the chief causes of the present war between Turkey and Bulgaria.

A record of the war that led to Turkey's collapse can be found below:—

Oct. 8, Montenegro declared war against Turkey.
Oct. 12, Montenegro invaded Taraboch.
Oct. 17, Serbia and Greece declared war against Turkey; Turkey declared war against Serbia and Bulgaria.
Oct. 18, Bulgarians captured Mustafa Pasha.
Oct. 20, Bulgarians attacked Adrianople.
Oct. 22, Servians took Pristina.
Oct. 23, Servians took Novipazar.
Oct. 24, Bulgarians captured Kirk-Kiliseh; Greeks captured town of Servia.
Oct. 25, Servians took Kumanova and other Turkish cities.
Oct. 26, Servians captured Uskub; Montenegrins invaded Scutari.
Oct. 27, Bulgarians captured Esik-Baba, near Adrianople.
Oct. 28, Bulgarians captured Lule Burgas.
Nov. 1, Bulgaria occupied Demotice; Greek torpedo sinks Turkish cruiser.
Nov. 2, Turks driven back in three-day battle to Tchorus.
Nov. 3, Turks in full retreat on Constantinople; Porte asks for mediation by the Powers.
Nov. 10, Turks defeated with heavy losses on retreat to Tehtalja line.
Nov. 8, Salonika captured by Greek army.
Nov. 10, Bulgarians captured Kartaltepe and Papatepe, two important fortifications of Adrianople.
Nov. 12, Bulgarians flank Tehtalja defenses at western end by occupying Büyük Tekmekdjie, on the Sea of Marmora.

At the conclusion of his lecture Dr. Fox gave the news of the week, after which vote of thanks was given him for his very interesting lecture.

The pupils will leave to spend the Thanksgiving vacation at their respective homes on Saturday morning, November 23d, and will return again on December 2d. To them all we wish a delightful and joyous vacation.

Accompanied by Miss Anna Bouff, an honor graduate of a few years ago, Miss Mary B. Sharp, a Co-ed, graduate of Gallaudet College, visited the different departments at Fanwood on Thursday, November 14th.

SUNDAY SERVICES—Prof. Jones in the morning with, "What lack I yet," as his text. Prof. Skyberg officiated at the afternoon service using a three word text, "The Dead Line."

H. J. G.

BOSTON.

The Sewing Circle of the Ladies Auxiliary met at the home of Mrs. Joseph Soher, Salem, on the 6th. After supper, a reception, attended by about forty people, was held, and Mr. and Mrs. George Holmes were made the recipients of a pleasant surprise, with the presentation of a purse of money, it being the 30th anniversary of their marriage. Although completely taken by surprise and unprepared, Mr. Holmes, in behalf of his wife and himself, thanked all for their kindness, and gave a good speech in his usual happy manner.

On the same date, the annual election of officers was held. Mrs. Frank Bigelow and Mrs. H. P. Chapman were re-elected President and Treasurer, respectively. Mrs. Cross, of Beverly, was chosen Vice-President, Mrs. Walter Perry, of Melrose, Secretary, and Mrs. Kate M. Chase, Collector.

Rev. Mr. L. B. Thomas, for many years Trustee of the Boston Society for the Deaf, has taken charge of a Baptist Congregation in Port Chester, N. Y., and moved to that place.

Mrs. Bennett, the benefactress of Miss Rooney for fifteen years, having died recently, she now has been taken in charge by kind and large-hearted Mrs. Finnick, of Cambridge, and given a home with her, until she secures employment, or a permanent home.

The Committee in charge of the Gallaudet Monument Fund report very good success in soliciting. A social will be held in the vestry of the Warren Avenue Presbyterian Church on December 11th. Ladies are kindly requested to bring cake.

Judging from the advance sale of tickets, the attendance at the Dance and Social on the 27th, in the Deacon Hall, promises to be a record-breaker. Holyoke sends word that a large delegation from that place and surrounding towns will come up for this event.

Miss Ethel, daughter of Frank Bigelow, is assistant teacher in the Sewing Class of the Dorchester High School. She graduated from that school last spring.

Charles Mallock is taking a course in chemistry, in the Institute of Technology. We wish our young and studious friend success.

Isaac Marcus is making quite a reputation for himself, as an amateur boxer and wrestler. He has won several valuable prizes recently.

D. McY. C.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.
A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Saturday evening, November 9th, the Martin Van Buren Society was organized at a meeting held in the house where he was born, on Golden Hill in the city of New York, on December 5th, 1782. He was our eight President, inaugurated in 1837. He came after Andrew Jackson and before William Henry Harrison. The officers elected are W. W. Roberts, President; George Rieger, Vice-President; and Francis W. Nubser, Secretary. A nice beef-steak dinner was served by Brother James F. E. Pendleton. Speeches and songs by various members were highly enjoyed, especially the music furnished by George Childs with a harmonica and thumb-rubbing on woodwork, window panes, etc.

Mr. Nubser was requested to tell about the education of the deaf and about their after-life, their occupations, pleasures, family life, etc. He surprised himself as well as the company present with a fine speech. He told them the truth, and in reference to the last international conference of the deaf from all corners of the world, he said they passed a resolution as their true and sincere decision that the Combined System of educating the deaf was the only rational method.

Golden Hill, now known as John Street, between William and Cliff, was the scene on January 17, 1770, of the first bloodshed before the war of the Revolution, between the Liberty Boys and His Majesty George the Third's 16th Regiment of foot. Francis Field, a Quaker citizen, while standing in his doorway received a severe wound in his cheek. Three other citizens were wounded; one of them being thrust through by a bayonet and a sailor was cut down. A lad who had been hurt in the head, while seeking shelter from his pursuers, a thrust was made with a bayonet at a woman who opened the door of the house into which he had escaped. Many of the soldiers were disabled and disarmed, and the populace might have taken a more sanguinary vengeance than they did.

William Street, originally called Burger Joris path (1657), also Glass-makers Street, and Suice Street 1691. King Street (part) in 1728. Smith Street (part) in 1728. William Street, after William Beekman, 1755. Horse and Cart Lane in 1770, and as William Street in 1797.

John Street, called after John Harpending, a Shoemaker who gave the land on which the North Dutch Church stood. It was laid out in 1720, in 1755 it was called Golden Hill.

The annual banquet of the Acorn Society, held November 9th, 1912, was preceded by an executive meeting, during which a new set of officers for the coming year were inaugurated. Mr. L. Ahmes formally accepted the office of President, Mr. Robert McGinnis, Vice-President; Mr. Chas. C. McMann, Secretary; Mr. E. F. Wolgamot, Treasurer.

The dinner that followed was pronounced a great success, and seemed to afford all these present great pleasure.

In addition to the gentlemen already mentioned, there were present: Messrs. Chas. Schatzkin, James Gass, Walter Calahan, Erwin Earnst, Alfred B. Ernst, Harry Glostein, Osmond Loew, Judson P. Radcliffe, George Rau, and Ad Fliegenheimer, chairman of the dinner committee.

It was very gratifying to the chairman to receive the many compliments and congratulations on the successful arrangement of the eventful evening, particularly as he had assumed full responsibility as to the selection of the place of meeting and consequent details.

The affair was held at the old established Hotel Chelsea, one of the best equipped hotels in the city, where a spacious room in suite set aside, afforded the strictest privacy so essential and so much appreciated by the deaf.

The hotel management evidenced their experience by the knack they displayed in making everyone comfortable, preparing and serving the menu which follows.

MENU.
Manhattan Cocktail
Oysters on half shell
Celery
Olives
Soup
Chicken gumbo
Fish
Planked bluefish on bordure
Roast
Stuffed squab chicken au Cresson
Parisienne potatoes Cauliflower au gratin
Salade
Lettuce
Dessert
Fancy Forms
Petite Fours
Camembert Cheese
Toasted Crackers
Demi Tasse
Ice Cream
[Champagne]

A creditable performance of "Abbe De l'Epee; or, the Lost Heir," an historical drama, in three

acts, is expected to be presented at St. Francis Xavier's College Theatre, Thanksgiving Night, Nov. 28. The noble De l'Epee is the central character in the play, and the selection of Mr. Henry Bouermann to fill the role is particularly fitting, as that gentleman, in personal contour and build, conforms very closely to the good priest and benefactor of the deaf. Next comes the lost heir, a protegee and pupil of the eminent instructor, a part which Harry Holmes hopes to make prominent. As the villain of the play, Harry J. Powell aspires to histrionic fame, and as his son, a young lawyer, Alonzo Smith will endeavor to eclipse his sire. A gent of the old school happily falls to Sylvester J. Fogarty's interpretation, and his son, an aspiring young barrister, will be taken care of by J. F. O'Brien. The fun part of the drama has a quartet of capable comedians in charge, Joe Knopp, James Lonergan, Julius Kieckers and Hugo Schmidt being in the limelight. The cast is a representative one, all the local schools for the deaf being enrolled in its make-up. Prof. W. G. Jones has been on the side lines during rehearsals, with Fr. McCarthy in front of the glimmered footlights as critic par excellence. The drama will be handsomely staged and elaborately costumed, and added features will correspond in general excellence with the drama, which given in honor of De l'Epee's 200th anniversary, occupies stellar honors on the programme. A packed house is expected, and the management advise an early coming of all who wish to get seats, as only a limited number have been reserved. Curtain at 8:15 sharp.

Mr. Osmond Loew gave a bachelor party last Thursday evening to twenty-four friends at his home on West 86th Street, to mark the few remaining days of his single blessedness, until November 20th, this Wednesday, when he will be married to Miss Edna Bennett at Haverstraw, N. Y. At eight o'clock, dinner was served in the commodious back parlor, and was a fine example of the cook's skill and was hugely enjoyed by everybody, along with capital jokes and stories that were hurled at smiling and embarrassed Osmond. After coffee and cigars were served, Emory F. Wolgamot acted as the toastmaster, and many of the guests responded to his invitation to speak and they did with great gusto, greatly to the amusement of those present. Mr. Loew was the last speaker, and warmly thanked them for the nice words for himself and his bride-to-be. Mr. Calahan took a flash light picture of the party at the table. Among those present were M. Monae Lesser, Alfred Barry, M. H. Marks, Julius Seandall, J. Seelig, H. G. Glostein, A. B. Ernst, W. H. Farnham, L. A. Ahmes, J. Sonneborn, E. F. Wolgamot, C. C. McMann, Keith W. Morris, W. Calahan, A. Fliegenheimer, Samuel Bennett, R. B. McGinnis, J. P. Radcliffe, George Rau, L. Weinberg, M. S. Moses.

About forty friends assembled at the country house gathering of Mr. and Mrs. Marx Nemeth, of Corona, L. I., last Sunday afternoon. It was a beautiful day and so were the surroundings of the "Nemeth Homestead." Many friends rambled in the gardens most of the time. The supper was an elaborate one and everybody enjoyed the day very much. Those who gathered were Mr. and Mrs. C. C. McMann, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Gass, Principal Jenkins and his wife, of Corona, Misses Josephine A. Albrecht, of Flushing, M. H. Jones, of Elmhurst, G. Piser, of Corona, Messrs. J. Scott, Flushing, W. Farnham, W. Wynne and J. Tracy Smith, Norwich, Ct., and many others which the writer is not able to remember. Some of them went there in automobiles. One of them was Mr. J. Scott, owner of a handsome touring car, while others by horses and carriages, but most by trolley. Mr. and Mrs. Marx Nemeth are graduates of Lexington Avenue School and are a very intelligent couple. They have two charming daughters. Mr. Nemeth has a lucrative position in one of the Bank Note companies of New York City.

The members, who spent their half-holiday last Saturday in the rooms of the Union League, lolling around on reading the latest bulletins of the great foot ball games of the day, were startled when a swarthy-faced and powerful-built man, topped with a wide-brimmed sombrero breezed into the room, and without ado, presented the members happening to be nearest with a card. It read that he was J. C. Simmons, Civil and Mining Engineer, and United States Mineral Surveyor, from the classical town of Sawpit, situated in the State of Colorado. He was a perfect stranger in this city, he said and was stopping at the Park Avenue Hotel and yearned for the company of the deaf like himself, and that hotel, after considerable telephoning, located the club rooms of the Union League, and "Here I am," he said. Despite his typically Western mannerisms, he turned out to be very interesting and a well-

educated gentleman. He entertained the members with stories of his adventures and hardships of crossing the great plains some thirty years ago. He is here on a vacation and will remain for a couple of weeks. He brought his wife to Chicago and left her there, and they are blessed with two children.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Dirkes gave a party on November 10th, at their home in Union Hill, N. J., in honor of their son Albert's twenty-second birthday. Among the deaf guests were: Misses Maud Emrick, of Brooklyn; Olive A. Sprague, of Freeport, L. I.; Estella Chapman, of Astoria, L. I.; Alice Mittlekauff, of New York; Minnie Laird, Adama Laird and Adela Silverman, of Newark, N. J.; Messrs. Edward Trinks, of New York; Harry H. H. Brauer, Hudson G. Wells, Wm. Knipe, Wm. C. Wren, Stephen Kaban and Joseph Dennon, of Garfield, N. J.; Philip Koeing, Harry Rodman, Alexander C. Knipe and Albert Balmuth, of Newark, N. J.

Mrs. Bella B. Chaugon was married to Mr. Robert Sweeney last Saturday morning, in City Hall, by Alderman Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Simonson gave a dinner in their honor in the evening of that same day, at their home on Riverside Drive. Congratulations were heaped upon the happy couple. Aside from the hosts and the bridal couple, the guests present were Miss Mamie Sharp, the bride's father, Mr. Bensinger, and her brother, who were witnesses at her marriage, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sonneborn, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. McMann, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Loew, Mr. and Mrs. Dickerson, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bachrach, and Messrs. H. C. Kohlman, M. S. Moses and Samuel Frankenheim.

At St. Joseph's Institution, November 24th, otherwise De l'Epee Day, the members of the Sodality founded some ten years ago by Rev. Joseph M. Stadelman, S. J., will come together and recite communion in abody in honor of the benefactor of the deaf, De l'Epee. Father Mc Carthy is moderator of the Sodality, which meets every second Sunday, Mr. John M. O'Donnell being president. The members are all former graduates of St. Joseph's.

M. Monae Lesser gave his fellow-members a great surprise when he walked into the rooms of the Union League last Saturday afternoon, when he was supposed to be still on the poultry farm in Delaware, and he looked the picture of health. He got a vacation of several weeks, and recounted many fine points of chicken raising, and the ciltified fellows learned a great deal thereby.

Mr. and Mrs. Culmer Barnes are now living in a very comfortable flat in the country part of New York City, opposite the historic bluffs of Fort Tyson, where their children wear out more shoe leather in one month than they did in six in Mt. Clair.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour A. Gomprecht celebrated the fifth anniversary of their marriage on the 12th inst., and many friends called on them to felicitate with them. They were treated to a fine repast.

The engagement of Miss Katie Seabert Graham to Mr. Robert Buchanan McGinnis is announced.

ROCHESTER.

A deaf gentleman just out of school, thrown on the world alone, thought it was a weary thing to save his slowly rising pile of dollars and his all observing eye caught sight of an advertisement reading thus: "How to get rich quick. Send ten cents." He sent it, and could hardly sleep nights building air castles. He was not kept in suspense long for a big envelope came, and with breathless haste he tore it open, and this is the one solitary sentence, the "poor boy" read: "Save your money."

A most successful chicken supper was given last month in St. Lake's Guild Rooms. Small tables were set and looked very tempting when plates heaped with chicken, potato, gravy and biscuit were passed to each one present. Mrs. Timmerman deserves great credit for her hard work and success. She wanted all to have plenty to eat and a good time, and every one did. There was lots left over. Several remarked it was worth seventy-five instead of thirty-five. Mr. Kemp helped too with everything, from pulling chicken feathers to waiting on the ladies. It seemed like Thanksgiving day, as every thing except squash and pie were there, to make up for the loss of the above, ice-cream and dandy cake were served to those who had room for them. It is rumored that a turkey supper and good time is being planned for Christmas.

Mrs. George Davis has gone back to Buffalo to live with her sister.

Mrs. Lydia Cornelius has been a week with Mr. and Mrs. Colgan, and is now visiting friends in Rochester. She is looking very well.

It is hoped that a new Bible class will soon be started, and that success will crown the new leader.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hogan have returned from New York

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to Ohio News Bureau, care of A. B. Greener, 933 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Nov. 16, '12—We have made no mention this season of foot-ball games played by the Independents, who in days gone by, had a formidable team, for the reason that no games were scheduled with outside teams. The team was shy of some good players, and hence no efforts were made to get others here to play. However the Independents will make up for this lack in basketball playing, the coming season.

The following is the schedule:
Athletics—with Young Cubs—Nov. 30, Jan. 11, 25; Feb. 22, March 8, with Young Tigers—Dec. 7, Jan. 4, Feb. 1, 15, March 15, with Senators—Dec. 14, Jan. 18, Feb. 8, March 1, 22, with Senators—Dec. 7, Jan. 4, Feb. 1, 15, March 15.

Young Cubs—with Young Tigers—Dec. 14, Jan. 18, Feb. 8, 15, March 1, 22, with Senators—Dec. 7, Jan. 4, Feb. 1, 15, March 15.

It is seldom, we see any thing said about the proposed Home for aged and Infirm Deaf in Indiana. The last, we heard about it, was the offer of an 80-acre farm by Mr. Orson Archibald, for the project, on condition that the Indiana deaf raise \$10,000 within ten years. That certainly is tempting bait, and we should think our Indiana friends would at once roll up their sleeves and secure the coveted prize. If they have been busy, we hope they will do so without delay. Get \$5,000 as son as possible. That sum at 4 per cent, will in five years itself put in \$1,000, thus making it necessary to secure only \$9,000 to fulfill the demand and this amount can also be lowered. We are in formed that to date \$1,860 has been collected and placed in bank, and enough interest added to make the total \$1,900. We hope to see the Indiana deaf in possession of a Home like that of their Buckeye brethren. It would be to their lasting shame to allow the golden opportunity they have in securing such an institution to go by default.

There was a corn-husking bee at the Home Saturday.

The following pupils, in charge of Mr. Oehlmaecher, donated their services: Messrs. Pilliod, Kuntz, Dille, Morehouse, Mockler, Weber, Kurtz, Richardson, Kennedy, Henderson, Uffell, Seinensohn, Parks, Fitzgerald, Bender, Pluchel, Herrig, Valentine, Wood, Moore, Bower, H. Stottler, Harris, and the writer. The boys were given their dinner, and supper. They husked 108 shocks.

The Columbus Citizen of Saturday evening, published the following: Prosecuting Attorney Turner is in receipt of a letter of congratulation upon his re-election, which he says means more to him than any other congratulation he has received. It is from Miss Bessie Edgar, who was his teacher in the Douglass school many years ago. "Will you accept earnest congratulation," it says, "upon your recent splendid success from one of your former Douglass teachers? I have watched with no little pride your work as prosecutor, and wish you continued success. The victory you have just won, is all the grander, because you stand for the right. Even as 'little Eddie Turner' in short pants, you were independent."

Mr. McGregor had a record breaking audience at his European lecture, given under the auspices of the Anderson Club, Cincinnati, last Saturday evening. The Cleveland Association of the Deaf will have to hustle, if they expect to do as well, when Mr. McGregor comes up to give his lecture on the evening of the 23d.

The amount realized from the lecture was \$27, to which Rev. Mr. Hasenstab added \$1. The money goes towards furnishing a room by the Club at the Home.

Messrs. Bacheherle, Bov, and Goldman of Midletown, entertained Mr. McGregor before lecture time, and after it, Mr. and Mrs. Hoy had him, with Messrs. Bacheherle and Bov, out at their home at Mt. Healthy until next day.

Mr. Lewis Allen, of Graysville, Monroe County, O., turned up here Wednesday morning. He left school in 1883, and had not visited the place since he was married to Viola Snyder. His wife died last July 2d, leaving him and three children, one son and two daughters. The son and one daughter are married. He owns a farm of sixty acres, but has sold out his stock, and will live with his daughter and do odd jobs.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Halse were in Columbus this week, coming here from a visit to Mrs. Halse's relatives in Fulton County. Wednesday, Miss Edith Biggam gave a reception at her boarding place on Franklin Avenue, in their honor. Mr. Halse was one of the ten pupils, with the writer, of the High Class, formed at the opening of the new main building in 1868. The late Mr. Charles W. Ely, Principal of the Maryland School, was its first teacher.

Leo. D. Frater, of this city, besides holding a position in the glass

works here, is taking a course of book-keeping in the Bliss Business College, and is getting along finely. Mr. Allen Hitchcock, now of New York City, has received two telegrams from his old employers here urging him to return to them. If the firm will accede to his demands, financial and otherwise he will return to the city, and his friends will surely welcome him back.

Samuel Clannahan, of Findlay, O., was a visitor here during the week, stopping over on his way home from Chillicothe, where he was with a sister.

Miss Mary McDaniell, who lost her mother last spring from cancer, and her father from the same disease October 30th, called at the school Saturday on her way to Hillards, the former home of her parents, to visit an uncle.

A. B. G.

NOTICE TO THE DEAF OF GREATER BOSTON.

In view of the fact that all the members of the Boston Council No. 9. Knights of De l'Epee, the Commonwealth Athletic Club and all prospective lady members of Ladies of De l'Epee, that is about to be inaugurated in the near future, and all other friends are planning to go to Lowell, Mass., on Wednesday evening, November 27th, to attend the Thanksgiving Social and Dance under the auspices of the Lowell Council No. 10, Knights of De l'Epee, Maj. A. E. Beauchene has suggested that those who have any intention of going, go in a body—a jolly party travelling to Lowell.

Maj. Beauchene has already completed all arrangements with the railroad officials, whereby an express train will be run from Boston to Lowell on fast time, and there will be no stop whatever. All are requested to meet near Track No. 16, North Station, Boston, at 7:30 P.M., as the express train leaves at 8 o'clock sharp.

The boys up in Lowell promise a big eye-opener to all who attend their social and dance, Wednesday evening, November 27th, 1912. Remember the date and it will be in Lowell, Mass.

The hall will be kept open all night, as there is on programme a long list of various events, all new and amusing. Where is the hall? Just follow the crowd from Boston and there you are.

The Boston Council has accepted a challenge from the Lowell Council at a bowling match to take place in the latter's city on Thanksgiving morning. Both are reputed as the best teams of bowlers in Massachusetts.

BOSTONIAN.

TORONTO TOPICS.

THE COHEN DRAMATIC READING.

The dramatic reading on "King Lear" from Shakespeare, given by Mr. Louis A. Cohen, of New York City, on October 12th, was a treat, in every sense of the word, in fact something entirely different from anything we have enjoyed for a long time. As it was well advertised beforehand in the columns of the *The Deaf Canadian* and in other ways, everything pointed to its being nothing but a successful affair, and so it was from every standpoint.

The Deaf of Toronto turned out in large numbers to "hear" him. There was also a number from out-of-town present.

St. George's Hall on El Street, which was secured for the occasion, in point of convenience and accommodation was all that could be desired.

As Mr. Cohen appeared on the platform he was given quite a rousing reception. It was at once noticed that he was quite an expert with the "sign language," and this being the case those present sat back in their chairs to take things easy, knowing that a treat was in store for them, and they were not disappointed. Mr. Cohen took upon himself to act the part of the characters described in this play, and it is needless to say that he did it well. One thing noticeable about the evening's entertainment was that Mr. Cohen did not hesitate once throughout the programme, which goes to show that he has a good memory, considering that it required two hours to render the reading.

To make a long story short, everything turned out to be first rate, and every one who had anything to do with the success of the evening is to be congratulated on being able to secure the services of one so highly talented as Mr. Cohen.

At the conclusion of the entertainment a hearty vote of thanks was proposed and unanimously tendered to the speaker.

Mrs. Wm. Sutton and Mrs. B. Baillie, of Simcoe, were in Toronto on Saturday, Oct. 12th, to attend the "dramatic reading" given by Mr. Louis Cohen of New York. They think it well worth going twice the distance to see. While in the city they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Harris.

The smiling countenances of Messrs. Allen Nahrgang and Wm. Hagen, of Berlin, were noticed amongst our people on October 12th and 13th, they having come down to attend the Cohen lecture.—*The Deaf Canadian*.

National Association of the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

President
Olaf Hanson, O. H. Regensburg, Wash.
Secretary
S. M. Freeman, Cave Spring Ga.
Treasurer
Mrs. J. F. Meagher, Wash.
Vice-Presidents
Anton Schroeder, Minn.
Mrs. J. S. Long, Iowa
Mrs. J. F. Meagher, Wash.
O. G. Carrell, Texas
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:
Olaf Hanson, Washington, Ex-Officio Chairman
S. M. Freeman, Georgia
Thomas Francis Fox, New York
Waldo H. Rothert, Nebraska
R. Randall Allabough, Pennsylvania
Frank P. Gibson, Illinois
Arthur L. Roberts, Kansas
Harley D. Drake, Ohio
J. O. Reichert, Oregon

[OFFICIAL.]

GALLAUDET MONUMENT FUND.

The most important project before the deaf just now is the Gallaudet Monument repair fund.

The Committee, Dr. Fox, Dr. Hotchkiss, and Mr. Drake, has sent out circulars to one or more deaf in each locality. Obviously the circulars cannot be sent to all or even to many in each locality, and those who have received them are expected to take up the matter, arrange for meetings and secure subscriptions on or about December 10. There are doubtless many localities to which circulars have not been sent, and the deaf in much places are requested to join in the movement, even if they have not heard from the Committee.

The question has been raised as to whether all contributions must be received on the 10th of December. Not necessarily. If more convenient to arrange for another date, it may be done even as late as Christmas or New Year's. The point is that contributions should be made at one time in each locality, rather than have the collection drag along for years.

We want all the deaf in the country to contribute, even if it be only time. Let us show what the deaf can do by united action. If all, or nearly all, will contribute, we can easily raise the whole amount at one time. If the full amount is not secured, no further efforts will be made till after the next convention.

COMMITTEE ON ENDOWMENT FUND.
In accordance with resolutions adopted at Colorado Springs convention, the following gentlemen have been appointed a committee on Endowment Fund:
A. W. Wright, Chairman, Seattle, Washington.
T. F. Fox, New York.
J. B. Hotchkiss, District of Columbia.
H. D. Drake, District of Columbia.

A. L. Roberts, Kansas.
On account of the Gallaudet monument fund, and the many calls on the pocketbooks of the deaf, it has not been thought advisable to ask the deaf for contributions to the Endowment Fund. If the collections for the Gallaudet monument repairs exceed the amount needed, the balance will go to the Endowment fund.

OLAF HANSON.
SEATTLE, Oct. 5, 1912.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf in the Southern States, Illinois and Indiana.

J. W. MICHAELS, MINISTER IN CHARGE.

Services for the Deaf of all Denominations, will answer all calls.
Address all mail to
510 E. 5TH AVENUE,
KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Boston, Mass., St. Andrew's Silent Mission.

Trinity Church Pariah House, Boylson and Clarendon Streets.

Service every Sunday, at 10:45 A.M.

Holy Communion, fourth Sundays of the month. Rev. G. H. Hefflon, of Hartford, Ct.

Providence. R. I., Grace Church, Second Sundays, at 3 P.M.

Worcester, Mass., All Saints' Church, fourth Sundays, at 3:30 P.M.

Services in Lynn, Haverhill, and other places, by appointment.

E. W. FRISBEE,
Lay-reader.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Franklin Street above Green, Chila., Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZEN, Pastor, 3835 N. Nineteenth Street.

Services every Sunday at 3:00 P.M. (Except during July and August, 10:30 A.M.)

Holy Communion—First Sunday of the month.

Bible Class—Immediately after services.

Clere Literary Association meets every Thursday, after 7:30 o'clock.

St. Thomas Mission, St. Louis.

Christ Cathedral Chapel, 18 and Locust Sts.

Rev. J. H. CLOUD, Minister 2806 Virginia Avenue.

Mr. Arthur O. Stedmann, Lay Reader.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.

Sunday School at 10 A.M.

Week-day meetings at 8 P.M., on first and third Fridays and fourth Wednesday, in the Parish House.

WHEELING.

The following appeared in the *Wheeling Evening News* of October 14th:

"I never saw an institution that was so perfectly conducted in every way as the State institution for the deaf, dumb and blind children at Romney," say A. T. Arnold, secretary of West Virginia Sunday school association, this morning. "During my recent tour of that part of the State I had occasion to visit the school, and it is a model one. There are now about 200 boys and girls housed in the excellent building, ranging from five to 18 years of age."

"R. Cary Montague, who has been general superintendent of the institution for the past two years, has wrought much good to the place in every way, the inmates are happy and feel perfectly contented and are given the real heart-love and sympathy of mother and father. Miss Margarette Montague is the matron, and she is the right woman in the right place, while the deaf boys and the physical department is in charge of George K. S. Gompers, a nephew of President Samuel Gompers, of the America Federation of Labor and the National labor leader. The youths are a fine appearing body physically and are being given excellent training in both body and mind."

"I tell you it did my heart-oo to see the poor, unfortunate children were being given such good treatment and that the institution had been put in such fine shape, all by the untiring efforts of Mr. Montague and his able assistants," concluded Mr. Arnold.

Mrs. Lucy K. Bremer has returned home from a fortnight's stay with Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Deem in Parksburg, W. Va. Before leaving there she was given an honorary social on the night of October 26th. Twelve deaf-mutes, mostly her old schoolmates, were in attendance. It was the greatest function ever held in the town.

The swap party was a very successful occasion on the night of October 19th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Corbett on Seneca Street. The affair was for the rebuilding of St. Elizabeth Church for the Deaf. Those present were: Misses Nettie Goff and Elizabeth Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Seamon and son, Messrs. James Boyd, Arthur Jeffers and J. C. Bremer. At a late hour luncheon and hot were served to all present.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Ohio Home met at Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Faulkner's in North Wheeling, on November 10th, Mrs. Daisy L. Alexander presiding. Those attending were: Mr. and Mrs. Corbett, Mrs. C. Watson, Miss Ada J. Anderson, Messrs. Lee Harris, of Moundsville, W. Va.; Julius Andre, Arthur Jeffers, James Boyd, W. C. Seamon, Herbert Stoehr, Charles M. Weiner and J. C. Bremer. During the business meeting Mr. Andre acted as auctioneer, and did very well. Every one partook of a slice of lemon cake at adjournment.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Weiner paid an all-day visit to their aunt in Steubenville, O., some time ago.

Rev. O. J. Whildin, of Baltimore, Md., gave a stereopticon lecture in the basement of St. Matthew's, on Saturday night, October 26th. A crowd of fifteen deaf-mutes and hearing persons witnessed it. Upon the canvass were flashed the pictures of the late Mrs. Margaret McClurg Zane, St. Elizabeth's Church and the clergy of its congregation.

The next day was a busy day for the deaf at St. Matthew's. Rev. Mr. Whildin baptized in the morning Pearl Caroline, infant of Mr. and Mrs. Seamon. Mrs. Corbett and Miss Nellie Corbett were sponsors. Afterwards he administered Holy Communion and preached the good story of Elisha and Gehazi. Layreader Bremer conducted the afternoon service.

Among the attendants at the services were: Miss Frances Russell, of Holliday's Cove, W. Va., and Mr. John H. V. Fowler, of Wellsburg, W. Va.

Mr. William Eichler, of New Milford, O., was a visitor at St. Matthew's on Sunday, November 11th. Mr. Marion G. Giffen, of St. Clairsville, O., did a little farewell at the meeting of the deaf-mutes at St. Matthew's, on November 3d, and staid over Sunday. He returned here on Election day, where he boarded a train for Pittsburg, Pa., and thence made a pleasure journey in the East for six or eight weeks, before going down to his *Alma Mater*, Due West, S. C., and also to winter there with his aunt.

We are in receipt of a letter from Mr. Lyman M. Hunt, Director of the National Association of the Deaf Industrial Bureau, of Kosh-kong, Mo., who would like to stop off at Wheeling on his lecture tour in the interests of the Industrial Bureau, on January 10th. It is hoped that the matter will be placed in the hands of the Deaf-Mute Guild at its December meeting.

Leather cannon were used at the Battle of Lepsis, September 7th, 1531.

Thanksgiving Day.

New Year's Day we share with all the world, and Christmas and Easter with all Christendom. The Fourth of July is emphatically our own day, but it is purely patriotic in its significance. Thanksgiving Day is as distinctively American as the Nation's birthday is, and it is sacred to the two strongest forces in American life.

There are plenty of people abroad, some at home, who do not believe that our people are eminent for religion or domesticity. But they are. And one evidence of it is this very day of and observance. It may be quite true that a great part of the population does not go to church on the last Thursday of November, and it is evident that much of the day is devoted to football and outdoor sports. But the day was never a fast day; quite the contrary; in its primitive form and its New England surrounding it was a feast day, so far, at least, as the supplies of food permitted.

It was a day of public worship and thanksgiving to God, but even the New Englander did not go to church all day; he devoted no inconsiderable share of it to hearty eating.

Religion has always been a great power in American society—a fact sometimes lost sight of in the multiplicity of religious bodies; it is sometimes supposed that mere denomination partisanship takes the place of real, deep religious feeling. This is not so. No people in the world are more strongly moved by religious habits, and to no people is it more natural to give thanks to God for national and individual blessings.

Some Englishmen come over here, glance at our family hotels and our apartment houses and go back to their two country with the story that there is no home life in America. It is as great a mistake as we Americans make when we imagine the French to be without domesticity because their vocabulary has no precise equivalent for our word "home." The truth is that domesticity is a human and not national feeling, and if we have no right to claim preeminence in its possession, we are at least justified in claiming to be inferior to no other nation in our love of home and to the strength of our family ties.

Thanksgiving Day originated in New England at a time when the colonists had little to give thanks for except that they were still alive. Its observance became national about the time of the Civil War, because that intensified our national feeling and its result gave us occasion for profound thankfulness. Because it is a day devoted to the recognition of man's dependence upon his Creator, and to reunions of families, it has appealed strongly to fundamental American instincts, and has established itself East and West, North and South.

The American people have at this time abundant reason for thankfulness in the continuance of peace; in the abundant harvests, and in the absence of epidemics and calamities. Much as there is to condemn in business and politics, and frequent as at private scandals, we believe that American progress is not limited in the acquisition of wealth, but that the standards of public and private life are slowly advancing; that public spirit and generosity are growing virtues; that domestic virtues were never more esteemed, and that the American people as a whole will be entirely sincere to-day both when they—or a good many of them—assemble in their churches to give thanks to God, and also when around their well loaded dinner tables they renew their expressions of family affection.—*Laurel Democrat.*

The Chant of the Deaf.

(Adapted from the "Lamp-bearer.")

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE FEDERATION.

It is the Lamp the oracles would steal away,
Thou, Gallandite, bearest on thy shoulder today.

Long it was hid
Under the ancient earth's great iron lid,
Until thou, Abbe, knelt down and wrenched
The locks away

And bore it hence,
Shaking into deaf-mutes' eyes its brilliance—
Look! Look! They gaped amazed,
Blinded by its long rays,

In which they see
Dead Intelligence come forth in flower-
wreathed festal train,
With interlacing hands, chanting the divine strain

Which the Church and age hath said could
nevermore be heard to our gain!

And thou, Oh see! Behind that Lamp,
That thou hast dug up from the dark and damp,
Thy visionary eyes are burning,
With a glad yearning

To light the world with this heaven-up-
circling flame!

See! See! The finger-weaving chants be-
gin!

The sparks they continue to fly!
Now piercing the blue sky,
Now falling on our bosoms like hot rain!

No! Not in vain.
Hast lit thy lamp, Abbe. Oh, deaf-mute,
Down sink those sparks in our bosoms
mute:

There, smouldering to remain,
Until, with one long fluttering leap to
heaven, they, too, burst into flame!

The largest picture in the world
is Tintoretto's "Paradise," in the
Doge's palace at Venice.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday, 3 P. M.
November 28th, Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 A. M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday, 3 P. M.
November 24th Holy Communion.

NOVEMBER 24TH.

St. John's Church, Stamford, Ct., 9:30 A. M. Holy Communion.
Gallaudet Home, 10:30 A. M.

LUTHERAN MISSION FOR THE DEAF.

Services in the sign language, every Sunday, at 3 P. M., in St. Matthew's Lutheran Church, cor. Elizabeth and Broome Streets, New York City.

ARTHUR BOLL,
Pastor.

Evangelical Alliance Services for the Deaf.

(Interdenominational)

BOSTON.
Services every Sunday, at 10:45 A. M., First United Presbyterian Church, Cor. W. Brookline St. and Warren Ave., Boston (Roxbury Crossing, or Columbus Ave. cars from Subway, or Dudley St. Elevated, to Brookline St.)

SALEM.
Services at First Baptist Church, Salem, Mass., Second, Third, and Fourth Sundays, each month, excepting July and August, 2:15 P. M.

NEW ENGLAND CITIES.
Services in Worcester, Nashua, Providence and other New England cities, by appointments.

To these services all are welcome.
F. CLAYTON WYAND,
Evangelical Alliance Minister in charge.

Residence:
Winchester Sta., Boston.

Southern Dioceses.

REV. O. J. WHILDEN, General Missionary
W. 1436 Lanvale St., Baltimore, Md.

PRINCIPAL MISSION STATIONS.
Baltimore—Grace Chapel, Park Ave. and Monument St. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 3:00 P. M.
Washington, D. C.—St. Barnabas Mission, Church of the Good Shepherd, 6th and I St., N. E., Rev. H. C. Merrill, Assistant. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 11 A. M.
Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Elizabeth's Church for the Deaf, Mr. J. C. Bremer, Lay reader. Services every Sunday, 3 P. M.
Durham, N. C.—St. Paul's Church, Bible Class meetings, every Sunday, 9:30 A. M., Miss Robina Tillinghast, Parish Visitor. Services, every Sunday, 8 P. M., Mr. Roma Fortune, Lay-reader.
New Orleans, La.—St. Paul's Church, Camp and Galine Streets, Mr. H. L. Tracy, Lay-reader. Services monthly.
The General Missionary visits the above and numerous other stations in the South upon such occasions as are appointed and locally made known. The Missionary will be glad to confer with any one desiring to assist in the work of the Mission.

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, Pastor, 740 W. Fayette Street.
Rev. J. A. Branflick, Assistant, 2704 J. Bernard Street.

Services at Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf, Pierce Street, corner of Schroeder Street, every Sunday at 3 P. M. Sunday School at 3:30 P. M. Week day meetings every Thursday evening at eight o'clock, except during July and August. Holy Communion first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

Diocese of Connecticut

Rev. G. H. Hefflon, Minister in charge.

AUTUMN 1912.
Hartford—Christ Church, Chapel of Nativity, first and third Sundays, 3:30 P. M., and First Sundays of October and December, Holy Communion.

New Haven—St. Paul's Chapel, second Sundays, 2:30 P. M.

Bridgeport—St. Paul's Church, Parish House, third Sundays, 7 P. M. Second Sundays, of October and December, Holy Communion 9:30 A. M.

Waterbury—St. John's Church, Parish House, second Sundays at 7 P. M. Third Sundays of September and November, 9 A. M. Holy Communion.

Pittsfield, Mass.—St. Stephen's Church Parish House, at 10:45 A. M. first Sundays of each month.

Address of Pastor, Y. M. C. A., Hartford, Ct.

Mr. Spurgeon's sermons used to be printed in twenty-three different languages weekly.

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Admission, - - - 25 Cents

A. C. BERG, JR.,
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MR. LOUIS A. COHEN

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"King Lear"

auspices of

Woman's Parish Aid Society
(of St. Ann's Church)

ON

Saturday Evening,
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(at eight o'clock)

At St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes

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COMMITTEE:

Mrs. J. McCluskey, Chairman

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715 North Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Friday evening, Jan. 31, 1913
AT NINE O'CLOCK

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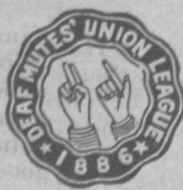
TICKETS, - - ONE DOLLAR

(Admitting gentleman and two ladies)

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Saturday Evening, January 4, 1913
8:30 o'clock sharp

ALHAMBRA HALL

126th St., cor. 7th Ave.

MUSIC BY J. D. SWEYD

(Full Entertainment Programme later)

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RECEPTION and BALL

OF THE

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N. Y. Council No. 2.

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EAST 34TH STREET, BET. THIRD
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Thursday Evening, Nov. 21, 1912

MUSIC BY PROF. MALONE'S BAND

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Masque and Fancy Dress Ball

OF THE

NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES' SOCIETY

—ON—

Saturday Evening, Feb. 15, 1913

WATCH FOR PARTICULARS LATER

THIS IS TO ANNOUNCE TO
OUR FRIENDS THAT THE

Fifth Anniversary Masquerade and Fancy Dress Ball

—OF—

Brooklyn Division, No. 23, Fraternal Society of the Deaf

WILL BE HELD ON

Saturday Evening, January 25, 1913

AT IMPERIAL HALL

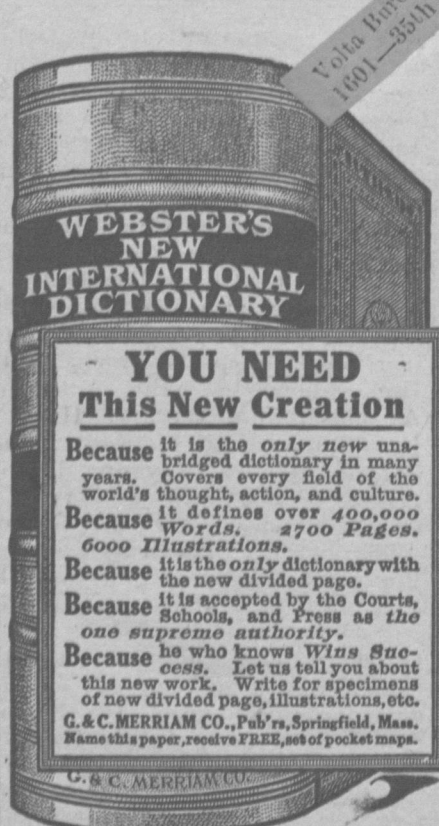
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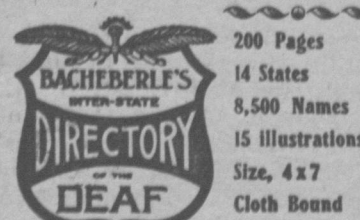
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